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 Catalogue continued on next page of cover. 

THE MUSICAL DARKEY.

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

F. L. CUTLER,

AUTHOR OF

Hans, the Dutch J. P.: Lost, or the Fruits of the Glass; Lodgings
for Two; That Boy Sam; The Sham Professor; Old Pompey;
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THE MUSICAL DARKEY.

—o—

CHARACTERS.

As first performed at Modale, Iowa.

Grouty..... *E. M. Marvin*
Pomp.. *F. L. Cutler*

—

Scene—Cottage interior, with table, chairs, etc.

—

Properties—Two bottles—papers—musical instruments *ad lib.*

—

Time of representation—Thirty minutes.

The Musical Darkey.

SCENE I.—Plain interior; chairs, table, etc. Grouty discovered seated in chair, L.

Grouty. It does seem strange that I can get no one to wait on me. The whole house is upside down, and help of all kinds is as scarce as hen's teeth. I would not care so much about it if it was not for these bad spells I am subject to—they take me sometimes when I am least expecting them, and for a short time I do not know what I am doing. And I have made enemies of my best friends; for I suppose I do a great many things that I would not do if I were in my right mind. But I must get along the best I can, for it seems there is nobody in these parts wanting employment. (*looks around*) I wonder what I done with those morning papers? (*exit, R.*)

Enter Pomp, L., with bundle, which he lays down, and looks around.

Pomp. I guess dis mus' be de place. But dar don't seem to be any ob de family in. I guess dis place is gwan to suit me. Seems to be a kind ob a high toned lookin' outfit, shuah. (*sings*) "Sally come up," etc. (*spoken*) Dat reminds me ob dat new song I'se been a practicing. Guess I'll try dat now while I fink ob it. (*introduce song and dance if performer chooses*) Dat's a pretty good song, but den I knows lots ob 'em. I s'pects my luggage am all smashed up wid de 'spress men an' de smashers. Guess I'd better look it ober. (*goes L., sits in chair, takes up bundle and examines it*)

Enter Grouty, R., goes R. F.

Grouty. Its strange where those papers are. (*puts his hand to his head*) How strange I feel. Oh! Oh-o-o!

Stands still, rolls his eyes, shuts and opens his hand, twitches his shoulders and arms.

Pomp. (*discovers him*) How-dy! How-dy do, sar. (*bows*) I'm pretty well. How are you? (*looks at Grouty in astonishment*) Why, say! Why, why, say—(*walks around him*) Why, say, what de dickens ails dat feller, anyway? (*shouts*) Say, you! Well, if dat don't beat all my first wife's relations. Guess he mus' hab de delirium tremendous. (*shouts*) Say, boss, how long you been dat way?

Takes Grouty by the shoulders and shakes him, Grouty suddenly strikes out with both arms, strikes Pomp, who falls, and lays perfectly still; Grouty puts his hand to his forehead and looks around.

Grouty. How came I here? Oh, I remember, I was looking for the morning papers, and I must have had one of my spells. *(exit, R.)*

Pomp. *(slowly getting up)* I wonder did de lightning strike anybody else?

Enter Grouty, R., with papers, sits R.

Grouty. I see by the morning papers that there has been another large strike in the east.

Pomp. *(discovers him)* Ya'as, an' dar's been a pretty heaby strike in de west. *(rubs his head)*

Grouty. *(looking around in astonishment)* Who the deuce are you, and what are you doing here? *(shakes him)* Speak, sir!

Pomp. *(trying to get loose)* Hole on dar, boss; better shook yerself loose dar afore somebody gets hurt. *(grouty loosens him—Pomp aside)* Dat's de same feller dat was in hyar when I got struck wid de lightning.

Grouty. Well, sir, I am waiting to know who you are, and what you are doing in my room?

Pomp. Well, I'll tole you how it was, boss. You see I picked up a copy ob de *Times*, an' in lookin' ober de advertisements I seed—

Grouty. Oh, I understand, you saw my advertisement and have come to wait on me.

Pomp. Yes, an' I'se commenced business already.

Grouty. How's that?

Pomp. Why, you see I'se been a waitin' now about free hours. Been struck by lightning, knocked down an' dragged out, an—

Grouty. Well, well, never mind. What are your terms?

Pomp. *(searching pockets)* By golly, boss, I don't believe I'se got 'em wid me.

Grouty. Oh, I mean what wages do you want?

Pomp. Oh, well, boss, seein' as its you, I'll work for you cheap. Say about seventy-five dollars a month. *(strikes attitude)*

Grouty. Seventy-five? Nonsense. Now see here, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll give you five dollars a month and find you.

Pomp. An' gib me all I wants to eat?

Grouty. Certainly.

Pomp. An' find me?

Grouty. Of course.

Pomp. 'Nuff said, boss, I'll take it. *(aside)* By golly, if he gibs me all I wants to eat I'll get de worth ob my money.

Grouty. *(aside)* Well, after all my trouble I believe I have a man that will suit me. *(aloud)* Well, sir, you can commence your duties at once. But first, what is your name?

Pomp. My name am Snowball Charles Augustus Pompey High-Flyer Johnsing, commonly called Pomp for short, 'ceptin' on Sunday ebenin's, when I goes to see my—

Grouty. Well, never mind now. I will give you some instructions in regard to your duties.

Pomp. Nebber eat any ob dem fellers.

Grouty. Who said anything about eating? Now in the first place I want you to attend to this room, keep it neat and clean. Carry water. *(Pomp starts off L.)* Hold on, you needn't bring any now. Run errands, and—

Pomp. Who's he? Am he pretty fast?

Grouty. Fast? What are you taking about?

Pomp. Why, Ole Errands. You said you wanted me to run him; but I'll tell you what's de matter, boss, I'se kinder out ob practice, but den I'll do de best I can under de sucemstances.

Grouty. Oh, pshaw, you don't understand me. But never mind. Then I wish you to wait on me—give me medicine—

Pomp. Medicine? O, you'se sick, is ye?

Grouty. Yes, I am subject to some very peculiar attacks, and that is why I wish some one always close at hand.

Pomp. Ya'as, I'se been dar.

Grouty. Been where?

Pomp. Close to your han'. Got mos' too close. *(rubs his eye)*

Grouty. I don't understand you, but no difference, I will proceed. When these spells come on me I want you to give me medicine. Just step into the other room and you will find a couple of bottles on the table, bring them here. *(Pomp goes R., gets bottles, sets them on the table, goes L.)* Now pay close attention to what I say.

Pomp. I'se a listenin'.

Grouty. Now if, when I have an attack, I should shake my head this way—*(illustrates)*—give me some of the contents of this bottle. *(points)* And if I should throw my arms this way, give me some of the contents of this bottle. *(points)*

Pomp. What! boff of dem fellers filled wid contents.

Grouty. And if I should kick about with my legs in this way—*(illustrates)*—give me a little from both bottles. Now do you understand?

Pomp. Less see. *(goes to table, Grouty goes R., takes up paper and reads; moves his head from side to side, then points to bottle, throws his arms about and points to other bottle, kicks out his feet, points to both bottles, nods his head)* Yes, I'se got dat. Gib us somefin' hard.

Pomp goes behind Grouty, looks over his shoulder, he yawns, throws up his arms, strikes Pomp, who falls.

Grouty. What in the world was that?

Pomp. (getting up) Oh, nuffin', I guess somefin' dropped.

Grouty. I want you to go down to the kitchen and tell the cook that I want an early supper.

Pomp. All right, massa. *(exit, L.)*

Grouty. I believe I'll have a little music to pass away the time. *(goes R., returns with violin, tunes up and plays)*

Enter Pomp, L., grins, dances a step or two, runs off L., comes back with violin or guitar box. Sits L.

Pomp. Dat feller finks he's some. He'll find dar's odder musicianers in dese parts 'sides him. *(opens box, takes out jews harp—plays)*

Grouty. (looks around—astonished) What in the name of common sense have you got there?

Pomp. Dat 'ere am one ob de sweetest an' mos'—

Grouty. Nonsense. Don't bother me, I wish to practice a few new tunes. *(plays)*

Pomp. (aside) He don't seem to 'preciate my music—s'pects it wasn't loud enough. I knows what will suit him.

(takes out box L., brings in sack and takes tin flute from it—plays)

Grouty. (stops) What have you got there now? A little boy's toy. Put it down. *(plays)*

Pomp. (puts flute in sack) Nuffin' seems to suit him. *(listens)* By golly, can't stand dat no how.

(runs off with sack, L., comes back with carpet bag, takes out bones—plays)

Grouty. (stops) Good gracious, you'll set me crazy with your infernal racket. Give us a rest.

Pomp. (grinning) Don't know de rest.

Grouty. You blockhead!

Pomp. (*holds up bones*) No, sar, dem ain't blocked out ob nobody's head, dey is de genuine——

Grouty. Well, never mind, put them up.

Pomp puts away bones, Grouty plays, Pomp runs off L. and gets harmonica, and plays accompaniment.

Grouty. (*pleased*) There, that is better—there's some music in that. But how comes it that you don't play the banjo? I thought——

Pomp. Dat's wat's de matter. I done forgot all about dat banjo, boss. I'se got one out here in my luggage.

Pomp gets banjo and they both play. Grouty stops playing and, Pomp puts banjo away, L.; Grouty plays jig, Pomp runs in with tambourine and plays extravagantly; Grouty stops, holds his ears, Pomp keeps on playing; Grouty shakes his fist at him and runs off, R.; Pomp misses Grouty, stops playing, looks around, under the table, chairs, into bottles, on table, etc.

Pomp. Why, whar—de—whar dat fellar got to? He mus' have cleared out. Guess he lot before he got frough wid dis nigger dat he was a whole brass band, drum an' all. Hi, golly, he don't know nuffin' 'bout dis nigger. He jes' ought to see me walk down to de front ob de pulpit an discourse like dis: Ladies and gentlemen, it is wid feelin's, etc.

(*a negro sermon may be introduced*)

Enter Grouty, R., seizes Pomp and throws him off L.

Grouty. You fool you, don't you see that I'm most distracted. Come, get out of this before I hurt you.

Pomp. Hurt who?

Grouty. Hurt you.

Pomp. Who's goin' to do it?

Grouty. I will if you make any more disturbance.

Gomp. Oh, you'se one ob dem kind ob fellers, is ye? Well, dat's me.

Takes off coat, blows up muscle, etc., spars off at Grouty, who starts towards him, stops, puts his hand to forehead, staggers, drops into a chair, R., jerks and twitches arms and legs, rolls his eyes, etc. Pomp spars around—stops.

Pomp. Want to fight sottin' down, do you. Well, dat's me.

Pomp gets chair, sits it down in front of Grouty, as he goes to sit Grouty kicks chair away, Pomp falls.

Pomp. Hold on, boss, don't hit me again—I'se whipped. Gosh, but dat was a terriferous lick. (*looks at Grouty*) I guess I ain't whipped arter all, by de way dat fellar acts. I mus' hab got in one on his bugle afore he got me down. He don't come to time. Golly, but dat was a terriferous fight, an' I'se de boss chicken—game to de backbone. Pound me all to pieces an' I'se still dar. Say, you—you— (*goes up to Grouty*) Why say, what ails you? (*shakes him*) Golly, but I mus' hab struck him an awful lick. But say. Seems to be somefin' de matter wid him. (*starts*) Dat's wat's de matter wid him, nebber fought ob dat. I'll bed he's got one ob dem 'tacks he toie 'bout. (*goes up and looks him in the face*) Yes, sar, he's got 'em, suah. Less see, he said if he rolled his head dis way to gib him some ob dese contents, an' if he flipped hisself dis way to gib him some ob dose contents, an' if he done so-so, to gib him contents, etc. Yes, dat's it.

THE MUSICAL DARKEY.

7

Takes bottle, pours some of the contents into Grouty's mouth, looks at him a moment, takes the other bottle and gives him a dose.

Pomp. Too much walkin' about dat business.

Takes both bottles, sits on Grouty's lap, gives him from each bottle alternately, all the while talking about the fight, five dollars a month, etc.; gets careless and spills medicine on Grouty's face; commences to give as fast as he can. Grouty comes too, sputters, spits, throws Pomp off, seizes chair, drives Pomp off L.

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—The performer can substitute any other musical instruments wished in place of the ones mentioned, or leave out part, or all of them, without marring the play.

AUTHOR.

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32	My Wife's Relations, comedietta, 1 act, by Walter Gordon.....	4	4
90	No Cure No Pay, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin.....	3	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	0
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44	Obedience, comedietta, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambla.....	1	2
81	Old Phil's Birthday, drama, 2 acts, by J. P. Wooler.....	5	2
33	On the Sly, farce, 1 act, by John Madison Morton.....	3	2
109	Other People's Children, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. N. Field.....	3	2
126	Our Daughters, society comedy, 4 acts, by Fred L. Greenwood.....	8	6
85	Outcast's Wife, drama, 3 acts, by Colin H. Hazelwood.....	12	3
83	Out on the World, drama, 3 acts.....	5	4
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57	Paddy Miles' Boy, Irish farce, 1 act, by James Pilgrim.....	5	2
29	Painter of Ghent, play, 1 act, by Douglass Jerrold.....	5	2
114	Passions, comedy, 4 acts, by F. Marmaduke Dey.....	8	4
18	Poacher's Doom, domestic drama, 3 acts, by A. D. Ames.....	8	3
51	Rescued, temperance drama, 2 acts, by C. H. Gilbert.....	5	3
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40	That Mysterious Bundle, farce, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla.....	2	2
38	The Bewitched Closet, sketch, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla.....	5	2
87	The Biter Bit, comedy, 2 acts, by Barham Livius.....	5	2
101	The Coming Man, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	3	1
67	The False Friend, drama, 2 acts, by George S. Vautrot.....	6	1
97	The Fatal Blow, melodrama, 2 acts, by Edward Fitzball.....	7	1
119	The Forty-Niners, or The Pioneer's Daughter, border drama, 5 acts, by T. W. Hanshaw.....	10	4
93	The Gentleman in Black, drama, 2 acts, by W. H. Murray.....	9	4
112	The New Magdalen, drama, pro. 3 acts, by A. Newton Field.....	8	3
118	The Popcorn Man, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	3	1
71	The Reward of Crime, drama, 2 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins.....	5	3
16	The Serf, tragedy, 5 acts, by R. Talbot.....	6	3
68	The Sham Professor, farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler.....	4	0
6	The Studio, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3	0
102	Turn of the Tide, temperance drama, 3 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins..	7	4
54	The Two T. J's, farce, 1 act, by Martin Beecher.....	4	2
7	The Vow of the Ormani, drama, 3 acts, by J. N. Gotthold.....	8	1
28	Thirty-three next Birthday, farce, 1 act, by M. Morton.....	4	2
108	Those Awful Boys, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	5	0
63	Three Glasses a Day, temperance drama, 2 acts, W. Henri Wilkins..	4	2
105	Through Snow and Sunshine, drama, 5 acts.....	6	4
4	Twain's Dodging, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field.....	3	1
5	When Women Weep, comedietta, 1 act, by J. N. Gotthold.....	3	2
56	Woiling Under Difficulties, farce, 1 act, by J. T. Douglass.....	4	3
41	Won at Last, comedy drama, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve.....	7	3
70	Which will he Marry, farce, 1 act, by Thomas E. Wilks.....	2	8
58	Wrecked, temperance drama, 2 acts, by A. D. Ames.....	9	3
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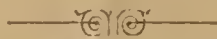
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